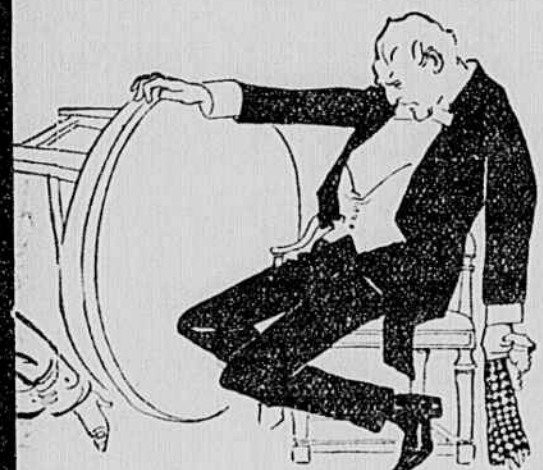


# PROMOTERS OF CRIME—People Who Plan Robberies and Act as "Backers" for Professional Criminals; the Extraordinary "Mother" Mandelbaum, "Queen of the Thieves," and Grady, Who Had Half a Dozen Gangs of Cracksmen Working for Him

Grady, the Burglars' Backer



filled his pockets with diamonds and made the woman he loved, suddenly discovered the glass fall and shouted: "Well, murder it shall be, but I'll do the murder."

he seized her arm. But before death he cried: "She screamed and, pulling with the arm out of Grady's grasp, leaving half her body on the floor, and yet at the very instant when again his eyes turned glassy, paralysis to his chair while the fainting woman tottered, had overcome him at this supreme moment."

source. Not a cent would the old woman give her for bail, counsel fees or even for special meals in the Tombs. Mary was desperate, and sent for the District Attorney. It just happened that District Attorney Olney was an honest man. He listened to Mary's tale about "Mother" Mandelbaum and acted.

"Mother" Mandelbaum, her son Julius and Herman Stoude, one of her employees, were arrested.

"Abe" Hummel did his best, but the indictment held, and there was a mass of

Dealing with Thieves

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evidence sure to swamp her at the trial. But "Mother" did not wait for the trial. She and the others "jumped" their bail and escaped to Canada.

Here she lived a few years a wretched and broken figure, yearning and working to get back to the haunts she loved. But neither her money nor her political friends were able to secure her immunity. Once she did sneak to New York for a few hours and escaped unnoticed. It was at the time of her daughter's funeral, which she watched from a distance, unable to attend publicly.

Though "Mother" Mandelbaum had money when she died, yet she was an exiled broken-hearted old woman, whose money did her no good. Unusually talented woman that she was, it took most of her lifetime for her to learn the lesson that crime does not pay!

And now let us take a look at Grady, Mrs. Mandelbaum's great rival. Did this remarkable man find that crime paid in the long run?

## Grady the Daring

John D. Grady, known to the police and the underworld as "Old Super and Slang," probably never handled as much money or had his finger in quite so many crimes as "Mother" Mandelbaum. His career, too, was somewhat shorter, but it made up for these defects in the unequalled daring and magnitude of his exploits.

"Mother" Mandelbaum "played safe." Not so John D. Grady. His was a desperate game, well played for splendid stakes, with risks few men would care to take and with all the elements of romance and a tragic death to cap it.

Grady, like "Mother" Mandelbaum, was a "fence," but while she dealt in everything, Grady specialized in diamonds. He had an office opposite the Manhattan Bank, which bore the sign, "John D. Grady, Diamond Merchant." From the windows of this office, Grady, Jimmy Hope and his gang gazed hungrily across at the bank and plotted its ruin. Up to the actual day of the robbery Hope and Grady were in accord on all plans. Afterward the two leaders quarrelled over the disposition of the bonds. Hope had his way and there is little doubt that had Grady taken charge of the two million dollars of securities he would have succeeded in selling them, whereas Hope failed.

While "Mother" Mandelbaum was building her trade with pickpockets and shoplifters, Grady was carrying his business about in a satchel. No man ever took greater chances. At all hours of the night this short, stocky man went about the darkest and most dangerous parts of New York. In the little black satchel, as every criminal knew, was a fortune in diamonds. When a thief had made a haul Grady would meet him at any time or place he pleased and take the diamonds off his hands. Only once was he "sanded" and robbed of several thousand dollars worth of the stones. He took the misfortune in good part, said it was "his own fault" and never took revenge on the men who robbed him.

## Steam-Drill Burglary

While "Mother" Mandelbaum engineered house and dry goods store robberies, Grady set his mind and energies on the great banks. As bold as the Manhattan affair was his assault on a West Side bank. The vaults of this bank were surrounded by a three-foot wall of solid concrete.

Grady opened a first-class saloon next door, and as soon as he got his bearings installed a steam engine in the cellar. This engine was supposed to run the electric light dynamo and an air pump. In reality it was there to drill a hole into the bank next door.

Selecting a Saturday which happened to be a holiday, he commenced operations Friday night, and there was every prospect of being inside the vault long before Monday morning. But unfortunately a wide-awake policeman of inquiring mind heard the unfamiliar buzzing out in the street. He prowled around and finally discovered that something unusual was going on in the cellar under the saloon. No answer coming to his knocks, he burst in the door and descended to the cellar. The thieves ran out, but two were caught in the street. Though Grady financed and planned this scheme, he escaped untouched, for there was no evidence against him.

Criminals, successful and unsuccessful, rarely lack women to love them. Strangely enough, this grim, daring, successful general of crime was perpetually spurned and flouted by his sex. Finally there came to him like an angel from heaven a very beautiful, well-bred daughter of the rich. Of course, John fell in love with her—any man would have—and things looked favorable for him.

This woman was the young and almost penniless widow of a member of the "four hundred." She had involved herself in a financial situation from which there was no honest escape. Just as servants of the rich ran to "Mother" Mandelbaum with their secrets, so this woman went to Grady with her inside knowledge.

A sort of partnership sprang up between them which was profitable to both, but particularly to the woman, who used her

sex unhesitatingly to get the better of her bargains with the cunning old master of the underworld. Grady's passion grew stronger and stronger and the young widow, who really despised him, found it harder and harder to keep him at a distance.

Finally things came to a head. Grady knew that the secret of the Manhattan Bank was soon to come out and that his position in New York would be no longer safe. He was ready to flee, but his passion for the woman had become so completely his master that he would not move without her. It was a peculiar duel of wits that followed. The woman was financially dependent on Grady and dared not hide from him nor pretend that she did not return his passion.

The night came when she must either elope with him or lose his aid. The thought of either was unbearable, yet she met him in his empty house at midnight prepared. She knew that Grady would have his entire fortune with him in the form of the diamonds and her plan was nothing less than to murder him and take his jewels. She had brought a little vial of poison with her and held it in trembling fingers within her muff. She knew Grady had a bottle of yellow wine and she knew it would not be hard to have him drink a toast to their elopement.

Grady produced the bottle but also only one dirty tumbler. They were both to drink from that, it seemed. The woman, at her wits' ends, glanced about the room and spied a battered tin cup.

"There," she cried, pointing, "the very thing."

## Grady's Romantic Death

While Grady went to get it she emptied the vial into the dirty glass. Grady soon poured a quantity of the yellow wine on top of it and then filled the cup. But to her horror, he handed her the glass and took the cup.

"No, no, John," she gasped, "you take the glass. I'll drink from the cup."

"Why," asked Grady, his eyes aflame with sudden suspicion, "what's the matter?"

"Oh, only that I left a kiss for you on the glass," she faltered. Grady took the glass and slowly, very slowly, he raised it toward his lips, all the while gazing unwinkingly at the woman. Just at his lips the glass stopped and the woman could not avoid a shudder, she covered her eyes and Grady, used to reading people's minds, read hers. He let the glass fall and shouted:

"So, it's murder you want—well, murder it shall be, but I'll do the murdering. She saw death in his eyes as he seized her arm, but before death he would first have his way with her. She screamed and pulling with the strength of despair, twisted the arm out of Grady's grasp, leaving half her sleeve in his hand.

Still, there could surely be no hope for her, and yet at that very instant when he poised himself to plunge after her again, his eyes turned glassy; paralysis seized him and he sank slowly into his chair while the fainting woman tottered out of the door.

The next day, it so happened, Shevell, the watchman, confessed to his connection with the Manhattan Bank robbery. The police were just taking up the trail that led to Grady's connection with the affair when the news came to headquarters that Grady was dead.

He was found with the sleeve of a woman's dress grasped convulsively in his hand. On the table was a bottle of wine and a cup. A broken glass and spilled wine on the floor showed traces of poison.

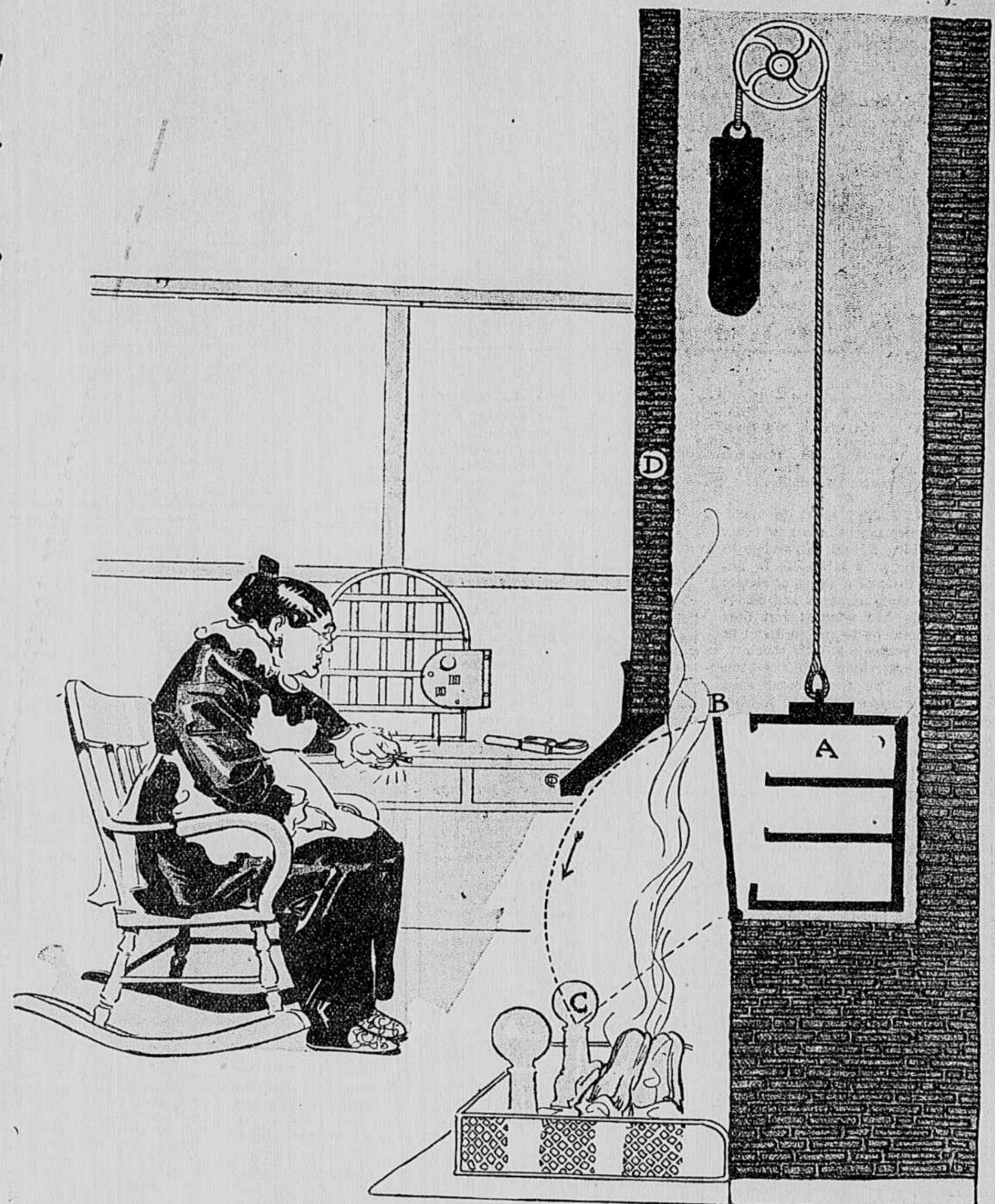
## Greed of the "Fences"

An autopsy performed on Grady's body showed no sign of poison. His death had been caused by apoplexy. The woman who meant to kill him by poison had actually done so by means of the furious emotions she had aroused. She could have taken the diamonds had she only dared to wait.

Thus died Grady, still free from the law, and with his great fortune in diamonds in his pockets. Yet he died in an agony of furious disappointment as miserably as it is the lot of man to die. For him, as for "Mother" Mandelbaum, it was destined that the lesson should be finally but tragically impressed—that crime does not pay!

As a general thing the receiver of stolen goods is the greediest, tightest-fisted individual who ever squeezed a dollar. The bargains he drives are so one-sided that unless the thief is unusually shrewd he will find his profits dwindling to almost nothing by the time he has disposed of his plunder. The margin between what the thief gets for his stealings and the price they finally bring is enormous, and even with only a few thieves working regularly for him the "fence" finds it easy to get rich in a very short time.

The greed of the "fences" is one important reason why many criminals find it difficult to reform. The more thieves a "fence" has working for him, the greater his profits, and naturally the longer they remain in the business the more valuable they are. When a thief reforms the "fence"



## "Mother" Mandelbaum's False Chimney and Secret Hiding Place for Stolen Jewels.

"Mother" Mandelbaum led a life which left her open to many dangers from many different directions. Every member of the underworld knew that stolen goods of great value were constantly coming into her resort, and from time to time schemes were devised to plunder the famous old "fence."

Mrs. Mandelbaum always sat inside of a window, which was protected by strong steel slats. The door to the room was of heavy oak. It was impossible, thus protected, for anybody to make a sudden rush and catch "Mother" Mandelbaum off her guard.

But, realizing that thieves might at any moment raid her establishments and finally force their way into her den, she provided still another safeguard.

"Mother" Mandelbaum had a special chimney built in her den, where she kept a little wood fire burning during

the winter, and kept the fireplace filled with old trash during the hot season. This chimney was peculiarly constructed, and had a false back behind the fire, and in this cavity was a little dumb-waiter (A). In front of the dumb-waiter was a false iron chimney back (B). She constructed a special brick wall (D), so that it appeared to be the regular wall of the house.

In case of sudden emergency "Mother" Mandelbaum could gather up any diamonds or stolen goods which might be incriminating, pull down the false chimney back (B), which fell down over the fireplace to the point (C), stow away the telltale valuables in the dumb-waiter (A), push the dumb-waiter up out of sight into the chimney and push back into place the false chimney back (B). This simple operation concluded, "Mother" Mandelbaum was then ready to face a search or a hold-up.

of burglars, to stealing for him again. received him with open arms.

"Glad to accommodate you, Mark," said the "fence" when a loan was suggested. "Your word is good for whatever you need—and pay it back whenever you are able."

The money Shinburn received in this way went where much of his original fortune had gone—at Monte Carlo. He returned to the London "fence" for another loan and another—and all were willingly granted. But when he sought money the fourth time he found the "fence's" attitude strangely changed.

## He Turns Burglar Again

"Really," said the "fence," "I don't see how I can let you have any more money. It seems peculiar that you should be in such straitened circumstances. In the old days you used to have all the money you needed—why don't you use your wits and get some now?"

After touching Shinburn's pride in this crafty way, the "fence" casually mentioned an excellent opportunity which had come to his ears for robbing a bank in Belgium. It was, he said, a rather delicate undertaking, but there was a great deal of money involved—and Shinburn was the one man in the world who could carry it through.

Shinburn's shame at being obliged to borrow money made him an easy victim of the "fence's" wiles. He went to Belgium, was caught in the act of entering the bank, and was sent to prison for a long term. As soon as he was released the London "fence" began pressing him for money, and Shinburn became a confirmed criminal again, primarily to pay this debt.

And this same fence, Einstein by name, paid the penalty of his wretched practices with a bullet in his brain, which was sent

there by a desperate burglar who had tried vainly to reform, but was held in criminal bondage by Einstein.

The promoter of crime is not always a receiver of stolen goods. Sometimes he is himself a thief, who has mastered some branch of the business so thoroughly that he is able to lift back and let others do the active work.

Such a man was "Dutch Dan" Watson, who was long considered one of the most expert makers of duplicate keys in America. His specialty was entering buildings and taking wax impressions of the keys, which he often found hanging up in surprisingly convenient places.

From these impressions Watson, in his own workshop, would make the duplicate keys and file them away for future use. To each key he would attach a tag bearing the address of the building and a little diagram showing the exact location of the door which the key unlocked.

"Dutch Dan's" active part in the proposed crime ended as soon as the keys were made. Then from the wide circle of criminals he knew he would select a number of expert burglars and hand them a set of the keys and diagrams showing just how the robbery was to be carried out.

If the burglars were successful they turned over to "Dutch Dan" 50 per cent of the proceeds. This mode of operation proved very profitable for Watson, and I remember that he often had as many as eight different parties of burglars working for him at one time.

And Watson, like Einstein, was sent to his grave by a fellow criminal, who had been discarded from his gang and killed him in revenge.

Will any reader of this page who has reviewed with me the lives of the famous criminals recounted above dispute my assertion that truly CRIME DOES NOT PAY?

SOPHIE LYONS.

NEXT SUNDAY SOPHIE LYONS WILL DEAL WITH DARING TRAIN ROBBERS—Charles Boles, who always worked alone, but dressed up dummy robbers with wooden guns and planted them along the track, and other remarkable cases.